

Comfort,  
If there should come a time as well there  
may,  
When sudden tribulation smites thine  
heart,  
And then does come to me to help, and stay,  
And comfort—how shall I perform my  
part?

How shall I make my heart a resting place,  
A shelter safe for these who are terrors to me?  
How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face,  
And dry thy tears in bitter woe's despite?  
How shall I win the strength to keep my  
voce?

Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs;  
How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice,  
Nor know the cause of mine own heart's  
throbs?

Love, my love teaches me a certain way,  
So, if thy dark hours come, I can stay.  
I must live higher, nearer to the reach  
Of angels in their blessed, guiltlessness,  
Laws their unselfishness, etc., I can teach  
Content to thee, whom I would greatly  
bliss.

All that was mine it then should  
come,

Troubled, but trusting, always for aid,  
And I should meet the powers and dumb,  
Willing to help thee, but confused, afraid!  
It shall not happen then, for I will see,  
God helping me, to higher life, and gain  
Courage and strength to give thee counsel  
wise.

And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain.  
Fear not, dear love, thy trial shall be  
The deepest bond between my heart and thee.

—All the Year Round.

## A LITTLE FOOL.

"I am astonished, Eloise! after all  
my instructions as to what society and  
respectability demand of you. If you  
must be a fool, make it a sensible  
one, why not marry Colonel Powell?"

"Because I do not like Colonel  
Powell, and because I like some one  
else, Aunt Ethel."

"Please, tell me what is this? Do  
you know that you are a pink miss?  
Such talk, I can tell you, is highly im-  
proper; and as for not liking Colonel  
Powell, that is nonsense. Colonel Pow-  
ell has everything to live for, a family,  
virtuous manners, elegant residence,  
servants, carriage, money, and a mem-  
ber of Congress, besides. Don't you  
know that you would spend the winters  
in Washington?"

"I declare it does not tempt me a  
bit."

"And I don't believe that he is a day  
more than fifty."

"He is seventy-five if he has an hour,  
and he is foolish and courageous, and al-  
together dreadful. I never, never, never  
will marry him."

"May I ask who, then, is to have the  
honor of becoming my nephew?" and  
Miss Ethel said, with a smile, and began  
to re-arrange the pink satin bows on her  
white morning dress.

Eloise sat down opposite her, and  
finged nervously the rose-buds and  
pink leaves that trimmed her garden hat.  
The two were very pale, but the pink  
one was fair, forty-five, old, white,  
and proud; and the other was only  
twenty, flushed and pale, and answer-  
ing every feeling of shame.

"For a moment, Eloise did not  
speak, and Miss Ethel Bruce did not urge  
her. She sat patiently looking in her  
niece's face, until that young lady, find-  
ing courage in her desperation, said,  
with a bland defiance, "The gentlemen  
who are here are honest, good-spirited  
servants, carriage, money, and a mem-  
ber of Congress, besides. Don't you  
know that you would spend the winters  
in Washington?"

"I declare it does not tempt me a  
bit."

"Do you know who he is?"

"He is Harry."

"Ridiculous! Do you know who his  
father is?"

"Not I. I don't want to know him par-  
ticularly. Do you know him, Aunt  
Ethel?"

"No. I dare say it would be very im-  
proper for me to know such a person.  
When we first met him last summer in  
the North, I don't remember that he  
ever told us his family."

"Nor I."

"That looks very bad, Eloise. If a  
man has respectable relations, of course  
he talks about them."

"I don't set it that it makes any great  
difference to me. I do not intend to  
marry Harry's relations. I do not care  
much about them, anyway. Once he  
told me that his mother was dead, and I  
said mine was too; and of course we felt  
sorry for each other."

"I am sure I have a little information  
about Harry; I would just like to be the only  
person in the world who had any right  
to love him as not."

"You make me feel hopeless about  
you. Why do you intend to live  
upon me?"

"Harry has two thousand dollars a  
year."

"Two thousand dollars a year! What  
a magnificent home you must have!"

"I do not speak of us, but I can-  
not allow that; indeed I cannot. We  
love each other, and shall be very  
happy."

"Doubtless. May I ask where Mr.  
Tommy is?"

"He is West & Green's law office."

"I thought he lived in New York.  
What brought him here?"

"How should I know?" said Eloise,  
blushing, and involuntarily dropping  
her voice.

Her aunt watched her curiously, and  
shook her head for answer. "Where  
have you seen him—for I hope you have  
not done so within the presence of Bruce Place?"

"He has not touched a hair of it. I  
met him at Aunt Ethel's; and I am  
sure she would have let Cousin Lizzie  
marry him very willingly. She thinks  
he is a good boy."

Lizzie Bruce is different. She has  
five little sisters, and my brother Jake  
always spends twenty out of an income  
of nineteen. You have expectations—or  
at least had, I always intended, if you  
remain unmarried, to leave you to the  
Bruce Place."

"Dear aunt, thank you for the inten-  
tion; but I would rather have Harry,  
I have a little bit of money of my own,  
but I don't."

"About four thousand dollars; just  
enough to buy your wedding things, and  
marry you decently. For though you  
are going to make such a fool of your  
husband, I must pretend to be happy  
when I am, and get you to receive con-  
gratulations that will nearly choke me;  
but such trials are part and parcel of a  
woman's life."

A sudden fancy seized her; she would  
have asked me a good many questions,  
and I have answered them truly; now I  
am going to ask you some, and I know  
you will be willing to tell me about them.  
First, were you ever in love with Eloise?"

Half smiling and half stammering, Miss  
Ethel sat thinking over the bold ques-  
tion. At length she answered, slowly,

"Yes, Eloise; I once loved as I do not  
think I ever did before. It is  
twenty-two years ago."

"Will you tell me about it?"

"I cannot. Yes—I will try; perhaps  
it may show you what a wife of his  
was."

She then left the room, but soon re-  
turned with a little tortoise-shell box in  
her hand. It opened with a spring, and  
showed a few yellow letters, a few plain  
gold rings. She lit the latter and  
said, "This is part of his dead mother's  
wedding ring; we broke it in two to  
swear solemnly over that we should be  
faithful to each other. Then he sailed away from me and I  
never heard from him again. For two  
years I suffered all the agonies of hope  
deferred and slighted; he had suffered all  
the agonies of love. I have never seen  
such a kindness, was all that  
had never until now reached her. The  
poor lady took them to her room, and  
had no hard words for the hands that  
had given them to her. Don't you  
think it is for a kindness?"

"Perhaps he was dead."

"No."

"Then he was a miserable creature,  
and I should have put him out of my  
hand and made him go."

"Yes, I think you would, Eloise. I  
think, too, that it is likely you would  
have let some other man make a fool of  
you a second time. I have a few  
nature. I did not care for wealth for  
a second time, but for a second time,  
I have a few other things."

"Who was it, Aunt?"

"Colonel Powell."

"Oh, aunt! You wanted me to do  
a thing which you would not do yourself."

"I am dear. You wanted to marry  
me, if I had wanted to marry at all,  
I should have married for wealth and  
position. Colonel Powell can give his  
position."

"Are you still in love with this Mr.  
Early's memory?"

"No, I am not. If I should meet him  
to-day, I do not think I should care  
to do so."

"Is he alive?"

"I heard of his marriage."

"Poor aunt!"

"Old, pitiful, child. I am to be  
compromised. If it had not been for  
my dear father's opposition, I should  
have married for love, given my fortune  
and my life into the keeping of a selfish,  
little brat—man, a fact such a  
little fool of myself as you are about to  
meet."

"Elise, I am glad I have told you my  
little story; it may make you at  
least look before you leap. Where  
does Harry generally leave you?"

"On the little bridge outside the  
Place."

"Do not say ' farewell ' there. Love  
who part over running water never meet  
again. Give him every lawful chance.  
You may bring him into the park to  
me again."

Then the ladies discovered that Harry  
and James had also been abroad, and  
both having their hearts in the same  
little Southern town, they had speedily  
become confidential. And Harry was  
not long in getting his pardon, though  
he had been compelled to be a  
little less bold in his address.

"Aunt, do you really think that  
Harry would forget me in a few weeks  
or months?"

"Of course he would."

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"I was looking at that queer  
cabinet, and a piece fell out of the bottom, and  
these things were scattered about." They  
are ran out of the room, shouting  
the door. "Poor Miss Ethel needed her privacy.  
Here was her lover's vindication; here  
were all the sweet words for which she  
had nearly died. He had suffered all  
she had suffered; he had been out of  
the world, in letters, and a plain  
gold ring. She lit the latter and  
said, "This is part of his dead mother's  
wedding ring; we broke it in two to  
swear solemnly over that we should be  
faithful to each other. Then he sailed away from me and I  
never heard from him again. For two  
years I suffered all the agonies of hope  
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the agonies of love. I have never seen  
such a kindness, was all that  
had never until now reached her. The  
poor lady took them to her room, and  
had no hard words for the hands that  
had given them to her. Don't you  
think it is for a kindness?"

"Still she grew very restless, and  
continually declared that she was  
more than she could bear, and  
she had no time to do anything else.

"Yes, I think you would, Eloise. I  
think, too, that it is likely you would  
have let some other man make a fool of  
you a second time. I have a few  
nature. I did not care for wealth for  
a second time, but for a second time,  
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"Who was it, Aunt?"

"Colonel Powell."

"Oh, aunt! You wanted me to do  
a thing which you would not do yourself."

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"Are you still in love with this Mr.  
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"No, I am not. If I should meet him  
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"Is he alive?"

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